"The Young Lady."

"This is about it," said John Scott, the engineer, as the train slowly crested a long gradual grade. "You're atop of the Rocky Mountains now, ma'am."

Emily Vaughn looked to left and to right, and was conscious of a feeling of disappointment. She had pictured the top of the Rocky Mountains as something quite different from this. Here were no frowning heights or sudden gulfs, only a wide-rolling plateau, some distant peaks which did not look very high, and far ahead a glimpse of lower levels running down into plains. It seemed hardly worth while to have come so far for so little.

"Really!" she said. "But where are the mountains? They don't look nearly so high as they did yesterday!"

"Naturally, ma'am," responded the engineer; "things don't appear so high when you're as high as they are. We're atop, you know."

"But there's no look-off, no wonderful distance, as from the top of Mt. Washington. I confess I am disappointed."

"It's kind of queer," said John Scott, with a dry chuckle, "how folks from the East keep alluding to that 'ere little hill as if it were the standard of measurement. We don't think so much of it this way. Why, ma'am, you're about 2000 feet higher at this minute than if you was at the top of that little shuck of a Mt. Washington that they all think so much of."

Miss Vaughn smiled, but she experienced a shock nevertheless. The New England mind does not easily accustom itself to hearing its sacred mountain thus lightly spoken against. "Have you ever seen Mt. Washington?" she asked.

"Oh, bless you, yes!" replied John Scott, cheerfully. "I was raised over to Fryeburg, and grew up alongside of it. I thought it was a pretty big concern when I was a boy, but now—" He closed the sentence with a short, expressive laugh.

Miss Vaughn changed the subject. She was not offended. She had grown to like this rough, good-natured engineer in the course of the three-days' journey, during which, favored as a relative of one of the directors of the road, she had several times been privileged to ride, as now, in the engineer's cab for a better view of the country.

"Have you been long on this road?" she asked.

"Pretty near ever since it opened. I run the third through train that came out from Chicago, and I havn't been off the line since, Winter or Summer, except for three months when I was laid up with a broken leg."

"This must look very different in Winter," said Miss Vaughn, noting the treeless distances, and the snows still glinting on the higher peaks to the left.

You may believe it does! That first year, when the snow sheds wasn't built, it was terrible. I was running that train that stuck in the snow seven days, perhaps you'll remember about it; it was in all the papers. I sha'n't never forget that, not if I live to be as old as my grandfather, and he didn't die till he was ninety odd."

"Tell me about it," said Miss Vaughn, persuasively, setting herself on the high side bench of the cab, with that air of attention which is so enticing to the story teller; amusements are few and far between in the long monotony of the overland journey to California; besides which, Miss Vaughn dearly loved a story.

"There ain't much to tell," said John Scott, with something of the feeling which prompts the young vocalist to complain of hoarseness. "I ain't any hand at telling things, either." Then, won by Miss Vaughn's appealing eyes, he continued:

"We ran all fair and on time till we was about 200 miles beyond Omaha. Then the snow began. It didn't seem much at first. The women-folk in the train rather liked it. They all crowded to the windows to see, and the children hurrahed. Anything seemed a pleasant change after the sagebrush, I suppose. But as it went on coming, and the drifts grew deep, and the cars had to run slow, the older ones began to look serious, and I can tell you that we who had charge of the train felt so.

"We was just between two of the feeding stations, and we put on all the steam we could, hoping to push through to where provisions could be got at in case we had to stop. But it wa'n't no use. The snow kept coming. I never see it come so. The flakes looked as big as saucers, and the drifts piled so quick that, when we finally stuck, in about ten minutes no one could see out of the windows. The train would have been clear buried over if the brakemen and the porters hadn't gone the whole length over the roofs every half-hour, and swept it off with brooms and shovels. We had a lot of shovels aboard, by good luck, or else nothing could have saved us from being banked up outright. But it was terrible hard work, I can tell you. There wa'n't no more laughing among the passengers by the time it came to that, and the children stopped hurrahing."

"Oh, the poor little things! What did they do? Were there many on board? Was there plenty for them to eat?"

"That was the worst of it. There wasn't plenty for any one to eat. We had stuck just midway of the feeding stations, and there wasn't a great deal of anything on board besides what the passengers had in their lunch baskets. One lady she had a tin of condensed milk and they mixed that up for the babies—there was ten of 'em—and so they got on pretty well. But there was about five other children, not babies, but quite little, and I don't know what they would have done if it hadn't been for the young lady."

"The young lady!" said Miss Vaughn, looking up with some surprise, for with the words a curious tremble had come into the engineer's voice, and a dark flush into his bronzed face. "What young lady was that?"

It was a moment or so before John Scott answered the question.

"I don't know what she was called," he said, slowly. "I never knew. She was the only one on the train, so we just called her the young lady. She was traveling alone, but her folks had asked the conductor to look after her. She was going out to some relatives of hers, her brother, I guess, who was sick down to Sacramento. That was how she came to be there."

"Were the children under her care?"

"No, ma'am; she was all alone, as I told you; but she took them under her care from the very first. They had their fathers and mothers along—three of them had, at least, and the other two had their mother and a nurse girl, but somehow no one but the young lady seemed to be able to do anything with them. The poor little things were half starved, you see, and there wasn't anything to amuse 'em in the dark car, and one of them, who was sickly, fretted all day, and 'most all night, and the mother didn't seem to have no faculty or no backbone about her; but whenever the young lady came round, that sick young one and all the rest would stop crying and seem just as chipper as if it were Summertime outdoors and the whole train full of candy.

"I don't see how she did it," he went on, meditatively, thowing a shovelful of coal in at the furnace door. "Some women is made that way, I suppose. As soon as we see how things were going, and how bad they was likely to be, that girl kind of set herself to keep along. She had a mighty gentle way to keep along with her, too. You'd never have guessed that she was so plucky. Plucky! By George, I never saw anything like her pluck."

"Was she pretty?" asked Miss Vaughn, urged by truly feminine curiosity.

"Well, I don't know if you'd 'a' called her so or not. We don't think much how she looked after the first. She was a slender-built girl, and her face looked sort of kind and bright both to me. Her voice was as soft—well, as soft as a voice can be, and it kind of sang when she felt happy. She looked you straight in the eye when she spoke. I dont believe the worst man that ever lived could have told that girl a lie if it had been to save his life. Her hair was brown. She was different from girls in general, somehow."

"I think we may say that she was pretty," observed Miss Vaughn, with a little smile.

"I ain't so sure of that. There's plenty of ladies come over the road since that I suppose folks would say was better looking than she was. But I never see any face quite like hers. It was still, like a lake, and you seemed to feel as if there was depth to it. And the further you went down, the sweeter it got. She never did any rustling when she walked. She wasn't that kind.

Another pause, which Miss Vaughn was careful not to break.

"I don't know what them children would 'a' done without her," went on the engineer, as if talking to himself. Then, with sudden energy, "I don't know what any of us would 'a' done without her. The only trouble was that she couldn't be everywhere at once. There was a sick lady in the drawing-room at the end of one of the Pullmans. She had week lungs, and was going out to California for her health. Well, the cold and the snow brought on hemorrhage. That was the second day after we was blockaded. There wasn't no doctor on board, and her husband he was mighty scared. He come through to the front car to find the conductor, looking as pale as a ghost. 'My wife's a-dying,' said he. 'Ain't there no medical man on the train?' And when he said no, he just gave a groan. 'Then she must die,' he said. 'Great heavens! why did I bring her on this fatal journey?'"

"'Perhaps the young lady'll have some remedies,' suggested one of the porters; for we'd all got into the way already of turning to the young lady whenever things were wrong.

"Well, I went for her, and you never see anyone so level headed as she seemed to be. She knew just what to do; and she had the right medicine in her bag; and in less than an hour that poor lady was quite comfortable, and her husband the most relieved man that ever was. Then the young lady came along where I was standing—there wasn't nothing for me to do, but I was waiting, for I didn't know but there might be—and said she: 'Mr Scott I am growing anxious about the fuel. Do you think there is plenty to last? Suppose we were to be kept here a week?'

"Now just think of it! not one of us dumb fools had thought of that. You see we was expecting to be relieved from hour to hour, for we had telegraphed both ways, and the snow had stopped by that time, and none of us had any notion it was going to be the job it was to dig us out. Only the young lady had the sense to remember that it might take longer than we was calculated on.

"Says I, 'If we were kept here a week, there won't be a shovel of coal left for any of the fires, let alone the engine.'

"'Then don't you think,' says she, in her soft voice, 'that it would be a wise plan to get all the passengers together in one car, and keep a good fire up there, and let the other stoves go out? It's no matter if we are a little crowded,' says she.

"Well, of course it was the only thing to do, as we see at once when it was put into our heads. We took the car the sick lady was in, so's she'd not have to be disturbed, and we made up beds for the children, and somehow all the passengers managed to pack in, train hands and all. It was a tight squeeze, but that didn't matter so much, because the weather was so awfully cold.

"That was the way I come to see so much of the young lady. I hadn't anything to keep me about the engine, so I kind of detailed myself off to wait on her. She was busy all day long doing things for the rest. It's queer how people's characters come out at such times. We got to know all about each other. People stopped sir-ing and ma'am-ing and being polite, and showed for just what they were worth. The selfish ones, and the shirks, and the cowards, and the mean cusses who wanted to blame some one for sending the weather—there wa'n't no use for any of them to try to hide themselves any more than it was for the other kind. The women, as a rule, bore it better than the men. It comes natural, I suppose, for a woman to be kind of silent and pale and patient when she's suffering. But the young lady wasn't that sort either. She was as bright as a button all along. You'd have supposed from her face that she was having just the best kind of a time!

"I can see her now, standing before the stove roasting jack-rabbits for the others' supper. Some of the gentlemen had revolvers, and when the snow got crusted over, so's they could walk on it they used to shoot 'em. And we were glad enough of every one shot, provisions were so scanty. The last two days them rabbits and snow-water melted in a pail over the stove was all we had to eat or drink."

"I suppose there was nothing for you to do but wait," said Miss Vaughn.

"No ma'am, there wasn't nothing at all for me to do but help the young lady now and then. She let me help her more than the rest, I used to think. She'd come to me and say, 'Mr. Scott, this rabbit is for you and the conductor.' She never forgot anybody—except herself. Once she asked me to hold the sick little girl while she took a sleep. It was mighty pretty always to see her with them children. They never seemed to have enough of her. All of them wanted that she should put them to bed, and sing to them, and tell them stories. Sometimes she'd have all five swarming over her at once. I used to watch them."

"Well, how did it end?" asked Miss Vaughn, as the engineer's voice, which had gradually grown lower and more dreamy, came to a stop.

"Eh? What? Oh!" rousing himself. "It ended when three locomotives and a relief train from Cheyenne broke through to us on the eighth morning after we were blockaded. They brought provisions and coal, and we got on first-rate after that. Did the sick lady die? No, ma'am. She was living, when I last heard of her, down to Santa Barbara. Two years ago that was."

"And what become of your young lady?"

"She left at Sacramento. Her brother or some one was down to meet her. I saw him a moment. He didn't look like her."

"And you never saw her again? You never heard her name?"

"No, ma'am; I never did."

The engineer's voice sounded gruff and husky as he said this. He shoveled in coal with needless energy.

"Are you a married man?" asked Miss Vaughn. The question sounded abrupt even to herself, but seemed relevant to something in her mind.

"No."

John Scott looked her squarely in the face as he replied. His countenance was rather grim and set, and for a moment she feared that she had offended him. Then, as he met her deprecating gaze, he reassured her with a swift smile.

"No, ma'am, I ain't; and I never shall be as I know of," he added. "Second-rate wouldn't satisfy me now, I guess." He pulled the cord which hung ready to his hand, and a long, screeching whistle rang out over the plain, and sent the prairie-dogs scuttling into their burrows.

"This is a feeding station we're coming to," he explained. "Twenty minutes here for supper, ma'am; and it ain't a bad supper either. I reckon you'd like to have me help you down, wouldn't you?"—*Susan Coolidge.*

FARM AND GARDEN.

BUDDING FRUIT TREES.

July and August are the months for budding. The peach is always improved by the budding process, and even for plums, pears and apples many think it easier and quicker to set a bud than a graft. The work is easily done and easily learned.

LEAKY BARNS.

Few farmers like the job of patching roofs, but none is more important. If a crop is not secure when in the barn it had better be standing in the lot. A hole in the roof will, during a smart shower, pour a stream of water through on hay or grain below, often wetting it to the bottom. A very short time and a few shingles will temporarily repair such leaks.

THREE-HORSE TEAMS.

In plowing, cultivating or any other heavy work three horses should be used wherever possible. It is poor policy to pay men high wages and then having them idle because the team is inefficient. Most two-horse impliments do more efficient work when three horses are attached to them, although our best American plows do better work with less draught than those of foreign manufacture.

CORN IN A DROUGHT.

Corn loves hot weather; but if too dry the leaves curl and the corn begins tasselling prematurely. Even with plenty of rains afterwards, the yield of such corn is decreased, and there is apt to be more grain not filled out on the cob. Probably the effect of unnatural extremes of weather is to divorce the tassel and silk, so that they do not put out at nearly the same time as they naturally should.

CORN TURNING YELLOW.

When sowed corn begins to turn yellow from being sown too thickly, it soon ceases to acquire any additional value. Not only does growth cease, but the plant becomes watery and insipid. Cows will eat it, but their milk will shrink as compared with even fair pasture. To give really nutritious stalks, sowed or drilled corn should have room enough to grow in, so that most of the stalks would at least set a nubbin. When this is the case there is a great amount of sweet in the stalk.

HIGH PRICE FOR EARLY POTATOES.

Owing to the scarcity of potatoes last Spring, those who had an extra early piece of new potatoes have been able almost anywhere to make a good thing out of it. The Southern supply has not filled the market as usual, and enterprising Northern growers have had a better chance. It seems a pity to dig potatoes before they have finished growing, but when they bring twice or perhaps three times the price they will later in the season, it pays. In some places crops of 150 bushels per acre have brought more than as many dollars.

COWS IN APPLE ORCHARDS.

When the fruit begin to fall, cows should be kept out of apple orchards. Green apples are not very nutritious, though cows, like young boys, will eat them by the wholesale. It is the unequal supply that does cows the most damage. A few apples each day will do them no harm. But any day there is liable to occur a wind-storm which may blow off one-third to one-half the fruit on the trees. A cow will then gorge herself so as to stop her flow of milk almost entirely; and only with great care in feeding can it be restored, and never up to the amount before she dried off.

TOP-DRESSING PLOWED GROUND.

It is a saving of labor to draw out manure and then plow it under for wheat. But when this is admitted, the sum of the advantages of this plan is exhausted. Under the furrow coarse manure may be absolutely injurious, as it will keep the soil too light. For distributing manure on land plowed for wheat, the regular manure spreaders with wide tires are greatly superior to wagons. They not only cover the ground more evenly and save labor, but their broad tires compact the ground without cutting into it deeply. Thus, even when not distributing manure, these spreaders are fitting the land to produce a better crop.

REMOVING GRAPE VINE LEAVES.

Some people have an idea that grapes are ripened by the heat of the sun shining upon them, and therefore cut and slash their grapevines during the latter part of the summer. The leaves of the vine are its lungs. They are essential to perfecting the fruit, especially the leaf opposite the bunch, which is most likely to be cut away in mistaken zeal for letting in sunlight; without this leaf the bunch will ripen slowly and never attain its best flavor. Too much cutting away of the vines is apt to start dormant buds and thus ruin the crop for next year. Only pinching the end of the vine at midsummer to stop its growth is allowable.

CAREFUL MILKING.

If every drop of milk in a cow's udder be not carefully removed at each milking, the secretion will gradually diminish in porportion to the quantity left behind. Milking should be conducted with skill and tenderness. All chucking or plucking at the teats should be avoided. A gentle and expert milker will not only clear the udder with greater ease than a rough inexperienced person, but will do so with far more comfort to the cow, who will stand pleased and quiet, placidly chewing the cud, and testifying by her manner and attitude that she experiences pleasure rather than annoyance from the operation. Cows will not yield their milk to a person they dislike or dread.

MOISTURE IN NEW HAY.

Hay is not generally so much cheaper when newly gathered into the barn as it is supposed to be. It has two large a proportion of moisture. Even when what is called thoroughly dry, the extra weight above what it would show next Spring reveals the presence of water, often 150 to 200 pounds per ton. Most new hay is somewhat laxative for horses at work, and so also are new oats. If hay is new, the oats should, if possible, be of the previous year's growth. A small ration of old oats will impart strength, while oats fully ripe, but of this year's growth, fed from the bundle, will apparently weaken the horse rather than make him stronger. The drying out of hay during the Winter is accomplished mainly by cold. Frost expands the moisture in the hay, exposing more of it to the air until it gradually disappears.

RYE IN WHEAT.

Owing to the low price of wheat farmers are becoming less careful to keep it free from rye. The two grains vary little in value by weight, and there are many farmers who think that they produce better crops when grown together than either would spearately. It looks slovenly to see wheat and rye growing together; but if rye gets in the farm, more or less will appear in the wheat field every season. Years ago, farmers used to cut out the rye just as its tall stalks peered above the wheat; but little of that is done now. This scattering rye does not detract enough from the price to make it worth while to remove it. But rye is much hardier than wheat, and in bad seasons will rapidly increase in proportion to the finer grain. It is worth while to get pure seed wheat. This is the only way to prevent rye from coming in.

CANADA THISTLES IN MEADOWS.

The Canada thistle, though not easily killed, is yet comparatively easy to keep in subjection, provided the surface is covered with other vegetation. A heavy growth of clover or timothy will leave little room for thistles, except in vacant spaces. Enough will push through to keep the root alive, and as soon as the field is plowed they will grow with greater vigor than ever, even on fields where but few before were to be seen. Heavily seeding with clover or grass is therefore one of the best means, not of destroying thitles, but of making them as little trouble as possible. On a farm filled with thistles the larger part should be seeded heavily, and then the fields one after another be taken in hand and the thistles in each thoroughly rooted out. It is true a great deal of hay is half thistles, but this is mainly the farmers' fault, either in not sowing enough grass and clover seed or in pasturing these until they were destroyed, leaving the thistles to occupy their places.

BITTER MILK FROM WEEDS.

The presence of weeds, and especially rag weed, in pastures is one reason why many cows give poor milk and butter during and after midsummer. While the weather is hot and the poor animal is tormented by flies she eats hastily and greedily, not taking the care to select the more dilicate grass aun reject that which is coarse and offensive that she does earlier and later in the season. The most the cow aims to do is to fill herself rapidly with grass and weeds, and then lie down in the shade where flies will be less troublesome. It is difficult to make first-class butter in midsummer, and impossible unless the pastures are free from weeds and the water good. Cows in their haste to fill up in hot weather will even eat many weeds with grass whose bitter taste would at any other time cause them to reject it. Many Western farmers went too late into the diary business. They were long comparatively free from weeds; but by the time grain growing became unprofitable, their fields were as weedy as those of Eastern farmers.

GROWING EARLY TOMATOES.

A Pennsylvania grower aims to grow his tomatoes for market as early as possible. In the height of the season they show but very little profit. For early planting, he sows seeds in January or February in shallow boxes and forces in the greenhouse. He plants out as soon as the ground is dry and warm, usually in May, setting the plants two feet apart. Each plant is trained to a stake four or five feet high. It does not pay him to grow them without staking. He trims closely at first, leaving only a few branches for early fruit. Later he does not trim, but simply ties the vines to the stakes until the top is reached, when they are allowed to hang over and fruit until killed by frost. In training, he makes about three tyings to a stake, leaving only the main vine to grow. As the shoots or laterals grow, he cuts them back to one leaf. He is convinced that the finest fruit is produced by leaving sufficient foliage to protect it from the direct rays of the sun, and at the same time not so dense as to exclude light and air.—*American Cultivator.*

The Auditor Who Appreciated.

"Rum is a curse and must go!" shouted a frenzied orator.

"Yesh," said a thick voice near the door, "down with it!"—*Life.*

DOMESTIC HINTS.

LEMON PIE.

The grated rind and juice of two lemons, two which add four eggs (reserving the whites of two) beaten with two cups of sugar and one tablespoonful of butter. Then take two tablespoonfuls of flour, mixed with a little water, add to it one cup of water and stir into it the other ingredients. The whites of the two eggs beaten with two tablespoonfuls of sugar frosts the tops. This makes two pies.

CHARLOTTE RUSSE.

Take two pints of rich milk and soak threefourths of a package of gelatine in it. Make a custard of a quart of milk, one pound of sugar and the yolks of eight eggs, add the gelatine and two teaspoonfuls extract of vanilla. When it begins to congeal stir in it a quart of rich cream whipped to a froth. Line a mould with stale sponge cake; set on ice.

CREAM COOCKIES.

One cup sour cream, one cup sugar, one teaspoonful soda and one of cream tartar, with a teaspoonful lemon juice, a very little grated nutmeg and two tablesoooonfuls caraway seed. Mix lightly and roll out as soft as possible, using just flour enough to keep them from sticking to the board.

SPONGE CAKE.

Three eggs well beaten, one and one-half cups of sugar, one teaspoonful of cream of tartar, in one cup sifted flour. Dissolve one-half teaspoonful soda in one-half cup cold water, add one cup flour; beat each thing after putting in one minute. Flavor with lemon. Bake in a moderate oven.

CURRENT PIE.

One teacupful mashed currants (canned ones will do, though fresh ones are better), one teacupful of sugar, two eggs, two tablespoonfuls of flour and one teacupful of cold water; bake with one crust. Make a frosting of the whites of eggs and spread on top when done.

APPLE TAPIOCA PUDDING.

Soak a small cup of tapioca for a few hours in warm water, pare six or eight good apples, core them whole, fill the cavities with sugar, a little butter, grated nutmeg or liquid flavoring, pour the mixture around the apples and bake an hour. Sauce, sweet cream and sugar.

HARD SAUCE

One large cup of powdered sugar whipped to a cream with two tablespoonfuls of butter, one spoonful of currant jelly beaten in well, and as much cinnamon as will lie on a half-dime. When mixed, heap on a saucer or glass dish, and set in a cool place to harden.

GOOSEBERRY PUDDING.

Make a paste of flour and beef suet chopped fine, five well-beaten eggs, half a nutmeg grated, a little ginger or spice and some salt; roll out the paste, put it into a cloth, fill it with gooseberries and sugar and let it boil three hours. This is an English recipe.

EGG OMELETTE.

One pint rich sweet cream, three tablespoonfuls flour, three eggs well beaten, half-tablespoonful salt and pepper. Stir flour and milk smoth, add the eggs. Melt a large spoonful butter in a baking pan, pour in and bake twenty minutes.

GOOSEBERRY TARTS.

Prepare a pie paste, as light as convenient, cover the bottom of it with powdered sugar, then place alternately a layer of pickled and washed gooseberries and one of sugar. Bake it three-quarters of an hour.

CORN CAKE.

Two cups of Indian meal, two cups of cold water or milk, one-half cup of flour, one-half cup of sugar, one egg, two teaspoonfuls cream of tartar, one teaspoonful soda.

MEAT BALLS.

Take cold roast beef and chop fine, season with salt, pepper and sage, put in one egg, make into little balls and fry in butter or drippings.

CUP CAKE.

One cup of sugar, one tablespoonful of butter, one cup of milk, one egg, three cups of flour, one teaspoonful baking powder.

COOKIES.

Two cups of sugar, two eggs, one cup of butter, one-half cup of sweet milk, one teaspoonful of soda.

The Young Man Meant Business.

"Young man," said a stern parent, with the accent on the young, "do you intend to stay her all night holding my daughter's hand and looking her in the eyes like a sick calf?"

"No, sir."

"What do you intend to do, then?"

"Well, I had thought that when you did us the kindness to retire I would put my arm around her waist and if she did not object too forcibly I might risk a kiss."—*San Francisco Post.*

It Will Go the Rounds.

"Say," said Berkey to his wife yesterday at dinner, "you didn't say anything to any one about what I was telling you night before last, did you? That's a secret."

"A secret? Why, I didn't know it was a secret," she replied regretfully.

"Well, did you tell it? I want to know."

"Why, no, I never thought of it since. I didn't know it was a secret."—*Kentucky State Journal.*